THE PACIFIC

VOL. LVIII BERKELEY AND SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 17, 1908 No. 51

Pac. Theo. Sem. Reading Room

THE NEED OF THE WORLD.

I know the need of the world, though it would not have me know;
It would hide its sorrow deep, where only God may go;
Yet its secret it cannot keep;
It tells it awake or asleep;
It tells it to all who will heed,
And he who runs may read.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it boasts of its wealth the loudest,
When it flaunts it in all men's eyes, when its mien is the gayest and proudest,
Oh, ever it lies, it lies!
For the sound of its laughter dies
In a sob or a smothered groan,
And it weeps when it sits alone!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it babbles of gold and fame;
It is only to lead us astray from the thing that it dare not name.
For that is the sad world's way—
Oh, poor, blind world grown gray,
With the lack of a thing so near,
With the want of a thing so dear!
The need of the world I know.

Oh, love is the need of the world! Down under its pride of power,
Down under its lust of greed, for the joys that last but an hour,
There lies forever its need.
For love is the law and the creed;
And love is the aim and the goal
Of life, from the man to the mole.
The need of the world is love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Established 1851

Entered at Berkeley as second-class matter.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Published weekly by the Publishing Company of The Pacific. Subscription price $2.00 per year.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor,

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

A MOVEMENT FOR GREATER MISSIONARY EFFICIENCY.

A joint missionary magazine is announced by the missionary societies of the Congregational Church that have to do with the work in the home-land, and it is probable that such arrangements will be made with the American Board that the new magazine and the Missionary Herald can be offered for one dollar. It is a welcome announcement. Such a magazine will serve the interests of Congregationalism and the church kingdom far better than separate publications can. The name, "The American Missionary," is an appropriate one. The societies represented in this new publication will be the Congregational Home Missionary Society, the American Missionary Association, the Church Building Society, the Education Society, the Sunday School and Publishing Society, and the Board of Ministerial Relief. The first issue will appear in April. The publication known as "Congregational Work" will be discontinued.

The Pacific hopes that "The American Missionary" will find find its way speedily into thousands of Congregational homes on the Pacific coast, and thus there be widely a more adequate knowledge of the work these societies are called to do and are doing, and a more practical interest in their welfare. All are home missionary agencies, tried and tested, crowned with success in their efforts during the years of the past, applying themselves today with wisdom and consecration to the great task of winning this land for Christ.

LONG BEACH AND HER MILLION DOLLAR HOTEL.

We have been watching with considerable interest the effort on the part of the managers of the Virginia hotel at Long Beach to get the prohibition ordinance in that city so changed as to permit the serving of liquor at meals. This is permitted in the prohibition cities of Riverside, Pasadena, Redlands, and elsewhere in Southern California. The costly hotel Virginia at Long Beach has been a financial failure. People who come from the East to spend a few weeks or the winter in Southern California do not seek it as they do other hotels, for the reason that a climate more remote from the ocean is desired largely. Only for a short time in the summer does the Virginia pay running expenses. To better estimate what the receipts might be if the hotel were allowed to serve liquors the manager stationed employes on the roads between Los Angeles and Long Beach and Venice one Saturday in July to count the number of automobiles carring people to the seaside for a day's outing. During the two and a half hours that the men were at their posts 131 automobiles were counted on the road to Venice and only seven on the Long Beach road. The manager covets the Venice patronage and that of the other places where liquor is sold; therefore an effort to get the people of Long Beach to submit to a vote the question of the serving of liquor in the hotel. According to the latest reports the city council has refused to submit the matter.

It is to be hoped that Long Beach will stand by the high position she has taken with reference to this matter. An ordinance permitting the serving of liquors in the Virginia and other hotels and eating houses in Long Beach would deluge the place on certain days of the week with the drinking element in Los Angeles and would greatly damage the city as a place for homes. Being at the seaside the city would suffer as an inland city with a similar prohibition could not possibly suffer. The proprietors of the Virginia say that the hotel will be sold at auction for whatever it may bring if Long Beach does not change her attitude. Of two evils it is better to choose the lesser if one has to be chosen. Long Beach will be better off without the million dollar hotel than she will be with liquor sold even in this limited way.

But Long Beacn has the great hotel. Somebody will operate it. It is not at all probable that it would pay the present proprietors even if they were allowed to serve liquors. They built beyond the needs when they put up so costly a hotel at the seaside, and may have to suffer considerably for their financial blunder. If offered for sale some one may buy it at such a figure as to make possible its running at a profit.

A NOTEWORTHY MOVEMENT.

There was held a few days ago in Berkeley, at the home of Superintendent Rathbone of the Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches, a meeting which we hope marks the beginning of better things for the kingdom of Christ not only in California, but all along the coast and all over the country.

There were present, Bishop E. H. Hughes, representing the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. W. F. Lowry, one of the missionary field-workers of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. C. W. Brinstead of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, and the Rev. L. D. Rathbone.

The conclusion and agreement arrived at are expressed in the following paragraphs:

"That in communities of five hundred or less population we will not encourage the organization of a church in which already a church of a sister denomination agreeing hereto has begun work; and that we will not appropriate missionary money for such work."

"That we will consider Sunday-schools undertaken by a denomination as actual work and will so regard it."

"That each of these denominations shall furnish to the others a list of all communities in which at the present they are conducting Christian work in Northern California; and will add to this list as fast as new work shall be undertaken."

Other denominations will agree to these declarations. Bishop Bell of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ has already endorsed them—even saying beforehand to the gentlemen who formulated them that he would agree to anything upon which they might agree.

We have here a step in the right direction. The agreement is far from what must come ere long if the churches are to do the work they are called to do. But it is a step forward.

Never in the history of the world were the Christian church and the Christian religion more on trial than they are today. They must shape themselves to changed and changing conditions or meet with a continually lessening grip on the world. One of the crying demands of the times is that the denominations come into a hearty loving cooperation, and all wasteful competition be stopped no matter what the consequences to any particular denomination.

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The campus of the University of California in Berkeley is estimated to be worth $1,000,000. The state received it as a gift. The total assets of the University are $10,029,563.76.

There are 15 well-organized college Y. M. C. A.'s in Oregon and Idaho. During the next year $5,000 will be spent in pushing the Y. M. C. A. work in these two states. The association at Pocatello has 500 railroad men as members.

Newspaper dispatches from New Haven, Connecticut, announce that Professor C. S. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary has been tendered the chair of Practical Theology in Yale Divinity School. Should this prove true and should Professor Nash accept there will be great regret on the Pacific coast,

A Tacoma correspondent of the Pacific Christian Advocate asks all who believe in the efficacy of prayer to pray for the recovery of the Hon. Samuel G. Cosgrove the governor-elect of Washington, seriously ill at Paso Robles springs in this state. Mr. Cosgrove is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A farmer near Montesano, Washington, in the Grays Harbor country, hopes to have one hundred boxes of strawberries for the Christmas market—But he lives in fear of a freeze-up before the berries ripen. If that should come and it is very likely, he will not have strawberries in the market unless he first buys them in California where they can be had every year for Thanksgiving and Christmas. And soon we shall have them in assorted colors, for a Berkeley man has developed "a white strawberry," an all-the-year-around bearer, which is not likely to remain so rare or exceptional as a white blackbird.

The situation in the San Francisco graft prosecution is pretty well known the country over. The Springfield Republican, that reliable New England newspaper of wide fame, commented a few days ago on the powerful interests which have long endeavored to obstruct the graft prosecutions and said in that connection: "Were it not that we live in the 20th century, reform in San Francisco would before now have assumed the aspect of the bloody medieval contests between rival factions for the possession of Italian cities. The issues would be fought out between armed bands in the streets and street corner fortresses, as they once were in Rome and Florence and Padua. How nearly San Francisco has approached that stage of conflict, the world may never know."

The conviction last Thursday of Abe Ruef, the notorious San Francisco grafter, was received with gratification. Announcement of the verdict was made while the San Francisco Association of Congregational Churches was holding its December meeting in The Mission Congregational Church, and was greeted with applause. Let the good work go on! Mr. Patrick Calhoun of the United Railroads is to be on trial early next month. If the court should find him guilty his going to the penitentiary will not damage the city any. We are not hearing so much to that effect now. The business men who talked it are coming to their senses, and realize that neglect to ferret out crime and fix guilt are the things that damage a city.

Our contemporary, the Pacific Methodist Advocate, predicted editorially last week the union of the Methodist churches, North and South "at no very distant day." The action of the Oklahoma Conference of the Methodist Church, South, which we comment on in our "Chronicle and Comment," was reported and the hope was expressed that all the Pacific coast conferences of the Methodist Church, South, would take similar action next year. The Rev. W. E. Vaughan, the editor of the Pacific Methodist Advocate, is a Southern man. He says that "slavery was not the cause, but the occasion of the division of Methodism." He believes that the separation in 1844 was for the best, but that the time has come when the interests of the church kingdom demand a reunited Methodism.

"The Reverent Life" is the title of a twenty-page booklet by the Rev. Robert Wells Rogers, pastor of the Congregational Church at Petaluma, which may be had at the Methodist book store in Berkeley, at "The New Book Store" in San Francisco, or of the author, for 35 cents a copy. The author says: "During recent times some of our literary men have written helpfully about the type of life that satisfies. Thus, President Roosevelt speaks about the 'strenuous life,' and its vigorous joys; Charles Wagner captivates the popular thought with his book on 'The Simple Life,' and its homespun. But it seems strange that no one has yet taken pen in hand to write definitely about the reverent life—a kind of life which not only surpasses the above, but is necessary to make them tolerable." This little volume, accordingly, is not written to disparage the various types of life emphasized by others, but to show that the reverent life must underlie them all.

"The Cradle Child or An Epic in the Life of God," is the title of a thirty-page booklet by the Rev. Dr. Sidney Strong of Seattle. The thought is that the life of Christ is an unfolding, an evolution, and that the life of God which appeared in perfection in Jesus of Nazareth has been gradually unfolded through the ages. "The Bethlehem manger was not the only cradle in which the life of God has been deposited, but his life has been rocked in the cradle of creation. * * * His life was rocked in the nebulous cradle, and ever after was present through the ages." The book is an elaboration of an address given by Dr. Strong in Oberlin College in 1905 concerning which President Fairchild wrote him the next day: "I went home last evening satisfied—delighted. Nothing but the great chorus, the Hallelujah, seemed in place after the address. It will be a life-long pleasure to remember it. I will confess that I felt a little anxious at the beginning. I have no special objection to evolution in its place, but I shrunk from hearing the evolution of the Saviour explained. When you finished I had forgotten all about evolution, and reposed in the revelation of the Only Begotten Son of God."

Worth quoting, though some of our readers may have seen it, is a brief article by Superintendent Case of South-

ern California in the last number of Congregational Work: "Among the most honored and efficient members of the First Congregational Church, Los Angeles, is Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of the Superior Court, also Judge of the Juvenile Court. For nearly twenty years he has been active in Christian work. His judicial actions command universal respect, whether pronouncing the law's decree of capital punishment on the convicted murderer, or the extension of probationary mercy to the score of delinquent youths that annually come before him. But his highest pleasure, and to many of us his crowning glory, is his faithful and now splendid Sunday-school work with boys. His Baraca Class, nearly a hundred strong, is a mightly force for boyhood's redemption and character building. Many parents covet the chance to enroll their boys in that class. He stirs the hero-love in his boys; and both by words and life is showing them that the only true hero is the Christian. He emphasizes the worth of church membership to his boys by saying, 'If you are going to fight under the Christian banner, go into the regular Army. Don't be a Bushwhacker.' "

In a recent Sunday evening sermon the Rev. Dr. Temple of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento pointed out some of the material defects of that city which needed attention. According to the newspaper reports, among the things he said were that Sacramento is a beautiful city, that the spirit of the people is the best, that capitol park is the most beautiful he has ever seen, that the climate is excellent, that the city is supported by the greatest valley in the United States, the possibilities of which are almost unlimited. After these complimentary remarks Dr. Temple proceeded to say that the governor's mansion is a disgrace to the state; that corner saloons in the residence districts are a crying shame; that an honest box of strawberries cannot be bought in a grocery store in Sacramento, that while there is a high intellectual, musical and artictic temperament in the city, in religion there is lamentable apathy. Dr. Temple while riddling many things took occasion to tell the people that the chamber of commerce ought to send out a half million pamphlets setting forth the good and desirable features, saying in that connection, that when a little more than a year ago he told friends that he was going to Sacramento some said that it was so hot there that eggs would bake on the front fence without a fire; others said floods rendered the streets impassible in the winter, and still others said that a newcomer would be a sure victim to malaria and was likely to die the first year. However, when he went back to Seattle last summer he was able to deny all such statements. The Sacramento Union says that Dr. Temple struck a popular chord not only with the progressive element in his own city but elicited also the warm endorsement of many people outside who are familiar with local conditions, and quotes comments from Northern California papers. As to the clear water proposition for the city, the preacher said: "May the man whose little two-by-four soul leads him to vote against clear water be sentenced to bathe in mud and drink mud the rest of his life; and when he dies may he be buried in a bank of ten thousand feet of mud where the sound of Angel Gabriel's trump will never reach him!"

We have no notes on the Christian Endeavor lesson this week. They will appear for two weeks in the next issue of The Pacific. The Rev. H. K. Booth, who writes the notes, has been moving the last week to rooms in the Lafayette apartment house on Haste street, so as to have furnace heat for Mrs. Booth, who is not in good health.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In 1885 New York city had 28 millionaires; now she has 2000.

The brewers own or control about 85 per cent of the saloons in New York city.

The Rev. Dr. George L. Spining is lecturing in the East this winter on "The Indian Problem in California."

A $10,000 memorial at Princeton to Grover Cleveland is planned for by the New Jersey Cleveland Memorial Association.

The Henry Ward Beecher lectures at Amhert College are being delivered this month by Professor H. Morse Stephens of the University of California.

Christian baptism was administered to 323 Jews in the United States in 1905, to 376 in 1906; to 517 in 1907, and to 409 during the first eight months of 1908.

Harvard College has been in existence 271 years and has had 22 presidents. Yale is 207 years old and has had 13 presidents . Princeton has had 13 during her 163 years.

The president of a law and order league at Englewood, a Chicago suburb, says that Chicago is in a position similar to San Francisco so far as a fight for civic decency is concerned.

New York city increased 400,000 in population last year. The estimated population in 1950 is 25,000,000. One block has 63,000 inhabitants, and one square mile has an average of 447 to the acre.

The Moody Church in Chicago now has a membership of 909. Last year 255 members were received, 182 uniting on profession. During the year 927 persons made the start in the Christian life in that church.

President-elect Taft will give the Washington Birthday address in the University of Pennsylvania next year. President Roosevelt gave the address in 1905, and President McKinley in 1898.

A man who for thirty years had not had a thorough night's rest was treated finally for defective teeth and his insomnia vanished. Worry and melancholy lasting for months are thought to have been cured by treating a molar tooth that gave no pain.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, offers free medical treatment to returning foreign missionaries who are out of health. A charge of $5 a week is made for board and lodging, but nothing other unless a special nurse is required. Even surgical operations are free. versity of Pennsylvania gave Mr. Taft the degree of LL.D.

President Schneider of the Chicago board of education remarks concerning Dr. G. Stanley Hall's statement that the American boy is fast becoming sissified: "As for feminization of our boys, I wish they were a little more effeminate."

Inflammatory speeches recently delivered by socialists in England have produced a feeling of uneasiness amongst all sections of society. This is especially so from the fact that when many people are out of employment they are easily incited to acts of madness. There is a socialistic

element that is anarchistic, and they are not displeased when their speeches lead to violence.

Chicago has a woman school teacher who says that a saloon keeper of good principles and character is as legitimate a business man as a banker or baker, and quite as valuable. The woman is a disgrace to the profession. The saloon business where saloons are licensed is a lawful business, but a saloon keeper as a saloon keeper is not as valuable a man as the banker or baker is as a banker or baker.

William E. Chandler, former United States Senator from New Hampshire expresses himself as to the future life as follows: "We do not live as disembodied spirits. We go to one of the stars where we inhabit new physical bodies which embrace our present souls. We see and hear and have the senses taste, smell and touch, and perhaps other new and more joyous senses." Senator Chandler does not believe in the pre-existence of the soul.

The Oklahoma conference of the Methodist Church, South, recently declared: "We believe the present relations of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church are not pleasing to the great Head of the church. A divided Methodism in the United States of America, though formerly unavoidable, is, under our present circumstances, a reproach in the sight of the whole Christian world. Such a divided state involves and must always involve antagonistic waste and consequent loss of power.." Accordingly the conference declared for "one Methodism in America," favoring "such a union as will bind the several Methodist churches of this country in to one body, agreeing in all the essentials of Methodist doctrine, polity and practice, and yet such a union as will preserve local autonomy of the several sections of a vast and growing country, and such a union as will respect racial lines—that is, such a union as will allow sections and races to develop along their own peculiar lines, so far as effects the externals of civic and social life." Old John Jasper, the far-famed negro preacher was certain that "the sun do move." We are certain that the world moves—that the things in the world move. This is one only of the many indications that this country will not much longer be cursed by two Methodisms. Cursed is a pretty severe word to use in this connection. But nothing other at all adequate to express the damage to the cause of Christ by such divisions as this in Methodism at this time in the history of our country comes to mind at this moment.

The Church of the Disciples of Christ is considerably stirred just now by a controversy centering on Professor Willett of the University of Chicago, a prominent member of that denomination. The Christian Standard objects to his name on the program for the centennial anniversary, asserting that he is an infidel, and threatens dire things for the benevolences of the church if his appearance is insisted on. The Christian Evangelist quotes what it regards as satisfactory staements by Professor Willett and suggests that the protesting brethren accept these and keep quiet or else call a court of inquiry to ascertain whether or not his religious position excludes him from fellowship, remarking in that connection: "Let it be remebered that the question is not whether Prof. Willett's views of historical criticism are true or not, but whether one holding to his faith in Christ and the authority of the Scriptures as he declares he does, and maintaining a Christian character, which even Prof. Willett's critics will not deny, is entitled to our recognition as a Christian brother, and to be treated as such, even though his opinions of biblical criticism may not harmonize with ours." The conclusions of the Christian Standard when its terms Professor Willett an infidel are rather far-fetched in view of his statements. He has said that he "accepts not only the inspiration of the Scriptures, but their plenary inspiration; that he accepts the atonement and all the facts of our faith, including the miracles of the New Testament and the divine character of our Lord." Referring to the four gospels, Professor Willett says: "I accept their statements regarding the birth, youth, ministry, miracles, teachings, character and purpose of Jesus. I believe the book of Acts to be a reliable record of the origin of the Christian Society, and especially as illuminated by the epistles of Paul, an authentic narration of that apostle's ministry. * * * But what I wish to affirm with emphasis is my belief that the New Testament, whatever its origin and literary history, is a collection of documents with a single message—Jesus is the Son of God, the word made flesh, the revelation of the Father's life, and thus our only sufficient interpreter of the nature and purpose of God. Jesus has made to the world a disclosure of the true life of a child of God and by his sacrificial life and death has shown how men may live in relations of sonship and happiness with God. The gospel is the 'good news' of this way of restoring men to filial estate, and the message of Christ, wherever proclaimed and tried, has proved its divine nature and power. The New Testament did not create the church, but it is its most precious possession as the record of its beginnings and of the teachings of the Master which are the norm of Christian life."

REVERSING BABEL.

Rev. George C. Adams, D.D.

The story of confusion of tongues at Babel is the Hebrew way of accounting for a great fact, that humanity, originally one, has scattered, broken into fragments, and become fixed in differing ways of life, and accustomed to diverse tongues. According to the story it occurred in a great industrial effort, founded on an unworthy ambition the only idea being to reach the heavens. Somebody thought a skyscraper could be erected that would pierce the sky, and bring man up to God. The scattering has gone on until within the last few centuries, when a different process has begun; humanity is slowly but surely getting together again. Standing on the deck of a steamer as she pulled out from the dock at Singapore, and started up the beautiful Straits of Malacca, the writer was impressed with the different parts of the human family represented on the wharf. There were natives of Malacca, of Siam, Burmah, and all the kingdoms of Farther India, men from Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Cinghalese, the universal man of the tropics, Chinese Japanese, Filipinos, and with them the men who have made such a gathering possible, the Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton, and these last were without a question at the top.

If we seek for a reason why men are coming nearer to each other the first thought is that the preaching of the Gospel has been its forerunner; wherever such gatherings are the missionaries have been, and in most instances they have been the forerunners of commerce and civilization. But the interesting fact ought to be remembered that the

story of Babel is being reversed, and as a great industrial movement was said to have caused the division, a greater industrial movement is bringing about the reunion. Selfishness alone was according to the story the reason of disaster; it would be wrong to say that self-interest is not in the present movement, but self-interest and the instinct of self-preservation are God-given, and are being used to emphasize the fact that man was made in his image, and to bring to light that other fact that humanity is one.

Growth in civilization, like the growth of a child, is not uniform nor steady; it is by leaps and bounds, and in places far apart. One race has developed the love of law, and has given to all the race the result of its centuries of study and work. Another has given the language of commerce, and at a time when it was made possible for the disciples of Jesus to go into all the world and preach his gospel to every creature. Another developed the religious idea, and carefully kept the thought of one God; we try to believe that all humanity ought to be alike religious, but history is against us; one nation developed and preserved the truest idea of God, and when Jesus came he came to that race, and through them his message was given to the rest.

The greatest thing that Jesus gave in giving himself, was a moral motive; the law was weak through the flesh; but the Gospel was strong in the Spirit, and wherever it came men began to rise; it was anew day in human history when Tertullian dared the Roman government to find in their prisons in any part of the empire a Christian who was there for any other crime than that of being a Christian. The first impulse upward was moral; but from that the impulse followed in every line. One of the later and greater utterances of Benjamin D'Israeli, the greatest Jew of the nineteenth century, was when he called the attention of study and work. Another has given the language of coming the world in art, science, commerce, everything worth having, are those in which Jesus Christ is most faithfully preached and most earnestly followed. It comes to pass that the so-called Christian nations have become also the greatest commercial nations. There is no spirit of inventiveness where the Gospel has not come; the telegraph, the wireless, the telephone, the aeroplane, all the new things that are pushing this old world ahead faster, are started among the four or five races that are most nearly Christian. The greatest development in all the world today is to be found where the most preaching has been done. The Christian nations have outstripped their non-Christian brothers, and have developed gifts about which they have never dreamed.

There is an unwritten law against selfishness. It has appaered several times in history. It came to the young church at Jerusalem, and said that no great cathedral church in one center should dwarf Christianity. It came to Europe in the middle ages, and by an unseen force drew thousands of men to the holy land on an errand we now see was useless; but it broke up the feudal system and drew men together in greater aggregations, and made nations where tribes had been before. It has come in recent times, and made possible the spirit of co-operation in labor and in capital, that with all its mistakes and crimes has come to stay, and means that no one man is to be left to stand alone and suffer if he has in him any spirit of fellowship. That same unwritten law is passing on to the less favored nations the acquisitions of the most advanced. The world is mixing itself all up, and the poorest and least ambitious are learning the best things of the world's leaders. The "Cape-to-Cairo" project is something more than a railroad. The dark continent is being pierced from end to end with the best civilization of Europe. The ditch through the sand from Port Said to Suez has changed the course of the world's commerce, and the bronze hand of Ferdinand De Lesseps points not at the canal, but toward Europe, from which the best things for the East are constantly coming. All along the line from Yokohama to the Mediterranean great ships are carrying to the West the products of the East—tea, coffee, silks and myriads of other a rticles that the world wants, and taking toward the East the products of the highest civilization the world has ever seen. It looks strange at first to see a Cinghalese acting as motorman and a Chinaman as conductor on an electric car at Singapore or Colombo, or a native of Sumatra as chauffeur of the latest build of automobile, but they are doing it, and doing it well, and seem to be catching on to the growth of the rest of humanity. The telephone wires in one of the Eastern cities get a queer mixture of languages in a day, but they all go over it alike, an dthe wires do not melt; and these inventions have been taken to the Orient by the races of Europe and America that have learned their value, and cannot live happily without them.

The trade instinct takes the American and European to the tropics; and with him goes the best he has. He has not planned to be very generous, but he has to be. If he is selfish he will never make any progress, there or elsewhre. He must share his blessings with those less favored, and put under their control the forces that have made him great. It may be objected that this is not a very spiritual movement, but it is providential, and the Spirit of God is in it; and among those who go and carry the things that make for commerce are many who see the spiritual need and help to develop the moral motive of love to God through Christ, and lift up their brother. So Babel is reversed. The industrial movement of the present is drawing men together as surely as that of the long ago in story separated. Mankind is of one blood, and neither pride nor ignorance can keep up the walls of division, when once the great divine movement for unity and universal peace and co-operation has begun.

QUERIES ABOUT JOHN'S GOSPEL.

Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D.

The recent conference at Sacramento was rich in elaborate and suggestive addresses, and among these was the Bible reading on the sixth chapter of John, in which Jesus (or some one else speaking in his name) discourses on eating and drinking his blood. The doubt expressed in my parenthesis was in the address, at first rather dimly intimated, but at length came forth quite frankly and distinctly in the statement that "possibly, indeed **probably**" this great discourse was never uttered by the Master, but was "put into his mouth" by some zealous disciple other than,—and I suppose later than the apostle John. It was also suggested that expressions so mystical, and I might add so revolting, as those concerning eating his flesh and drinking his blood could be rightly appreciated only after the Lord's Supper had become a familiar and precious service in the Christian church, and that it is inconceivable that one so patient and compassionate as Jesus could have set before a multitude following him in order to receive the truth from his lips, statements which certainly would, and actually did, drive them away from him.

All of which set me querying. 1. Were those people seeking instruction, hungry for the truth? Jesus—or the one whom this writer of fiction makes to speak for him—seems not to have viewed it so. "Ye seek me not because ye saw signs"—not because ye wish to know the truth symbolized in my feeding you last evening—"but because ye

ate of the loaves and were filled." That is to say plainly enough though not quite so bluntly, ye have come not to learn the truth, but to get an unearned breakfast, just as, last evening you got your supper free. And the hints they gave to him abundantly sustain this judgment concerning them.

2. Yes, it may be said, but this discourse drove them away from him, a result which such a person as Jesus would certainly have avoided if possible. Instead of this, he seems to be absolutely relentless in pressing the unwelcome declaration, till they cried, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it."

I feel this myself, but the query rises, Was not this what his forerunner predicted concerning him? "His fan is in his hand and he will **thoroughly** purge his floor." I call also to mind that he explained to his disciples his use of parables by quoting that hard saying of Isaiah (more frequently quoted in the New Testament than any other Old Testament passage)—"that seeing they may see and not perceive and hearing they may hear and not understand." This was the effect,—in some sense the **designed** effect of his use of parables. An evangelist softens the harshness of it by adding that whenever one was spoken by Jesus to the multitude, he explained it afterwards to his disciples, and any one was welcomed as a disciple who would in honest and complete consecration be loyal to the Master. Thus by a natural process he "purged his floor and gathered the wheat into his garner."

And thus the query arises whether at this time Jesus did not see that he was close upon that crisis and turning point in his career when the winnowing must begin? May we not assume that this parable, like others, was explained to his disciples—that is, to all that followed him not for loaves and fishes, but because to them his words were those of eternal life? No one was shut out but those who shut themselves out, but from these Jesus began to hold himself aloof, that he might prepare his "disciples indeed" for the trial of faith which awaited them. This continued un to the very week in which he was crucified.

3. The speaker seemed to find freshened and deepened satisfaction in this gospel viewed as thus the product of the imagination of some other than John, because it showed a **development** in the view taken of Jesus by Christians through the personal experience of his power to save. Paul and this writer coincide in a conception of Jesus higher and deeper than that set forth in the first three gospels, and thus witness was borne to Jesus out of an experience larger and deeper and broader than we can suppose even that of John to have been. But here again a query starts: On what ground has the whole Bible been accepted by millions of millions as the very word of God? Is it because they have understood and weighed the critical argument for it? Not one in a hundred of them ever knew what that argument is. They believe the Bible and believe **in** it, because "it finds them." The Christian consciousness accepts it; grasps it; will not let it go. It speaks to the heart, and the heart responds with Thomas, My Lord and my God.

4. I am not wholly ignorant of the grounds upon which some critics deny that John, the apostle, wrote this gospel. To discuss them, even within the limits of my off-hand acquaintance with those grounds, would lengthen this article unduly. But there is one question that will not down with me, no matter how I seek to silence it. Of course I recognize in the 21st chapter of this gospel a postscript possibly written by another hand than John's. At the same time, if there ever was a story that in its simple but graphic description showed the water-marks of the tale of an eye witness this one does it. If another than John wrote it, he wrote what John or some other participant in that fishing excursion had told—a reminiscence so often repeated as to become fixed in the hearer's memory and written out, we may say, word for word. And he says concerning one particular action in the story whose name never appears in this gospel and who is distinguished as the disciple whom Jesus loved: "This is the disciple that beareth witness of these things and wrote these things, and **we know that his witness is true.**" Is that statement a lie? Talk about the testimony of the early fathers to the Johannine authorship: Can there be anything earlier or more conclusive than this? Or, read the last verse of the 20th chapter; we make it sound to us like the conclusion of a fictitious story, intended to be received as fiction? "Ben Hur" is a wonderful story, and in the garb of fiction shows us vividly much that was true of the times of Christ and his apostles, but could you conceive of it, concluding with the words: "These things are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye may have life in his name." Once more, the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th chapters, recognized by the almost universal Christian consciousness as the very heart of hearts of the New Testament. Are these, too, words "put into Jesus' mouth—fiction imagined by some writer of a century or more later and giving us only what Jesus might be conceived to have said, befitting such an hour?

I have not been able to state these queries without betraying the answer I would give to them: This precious gospel is not fiction, but fact, intended to be received and believed as fact, and we can rest on its statements the whole weight of our hope of life eternal.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will listen to an address by the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Bethany Church, San Francisco, on the situation as it now is in San Francisco.

Our Oregon correspondent presents an interesting array of news this week, making up for the non-appearance of the Oregon Letter for two weeks. It would seem that the Washington churches are not furnishing our representative from that state with much news these days, for this is the second time this month The Pacific has appeared without Washington church news items.

The annual report of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles shows 239 members received during the year, 84 on confession. Calls to the number of 2570 were made by the pastor, the pastor emeritus and their wives, of which number 1103 were by the pastor. The pastor and the pastor emeritus have attended 55 funerals and have officiated at 74 weddings. The report of the financial secretary shows receipts to the amount of $14,230.35. Receipts for benevolences were $6,318.12. In the Bible School 593 persons are enrolled. During the year 43 from the Bible School united with the church.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION.

The ninth annual meeting was held on last Thursday in The Mission Congregational Church.

The Rev. Frank W. Dean was moderator and the Rev. O. L. Corbin, scribe.

A finely written paper on "Spiritual Hospitality" was read by the Rev. Mr. Dean, after which the Association listened for an hour to Professor Frank Foster Kent of Yale University on "The Teaching Ministry of the Church." It was an up-to-date message, pointing the way, as it did, to the most important work which the church of the near future is to have in hand to do. Professor Kent is of opinion that the time is not far distant when communities will have their directors of religious education, trained in psychology and religious pedagogy.

It was shown that the efforts of Jesus were put forth not so much to save men as to make men.

While the church would always have a great saving mission, the thought was that in its teaching ministry, directed to the making of men, it would find its largest work.

The Rev. Miles B. Fisher gave an address which was based on a remark by Professor James, "What you cause one once to know is his always." The value of it—causing one to know, was shown to lie in the fact that there

came thus a moral impulse; that the thing learned abode in the sub-conciousness, if not otherwise, and cropped up at opportune times. Then too, it reached on beyond the years of time, and was an eternal possession.

After-dinner talks were made by the Rev. S. C. Patterson and by Judge Rosa of Beloit, Wisconsin.

In the evening the Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church gave a short address in which he said that the most significant thing in the church everywhere today is the movement among the men. In that connection it was shown that the man of business occupies a place of great responsibility and influence; and the appeal was to all men to take some part in the upward movement.

The closing address of the evening was by the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams on John Milton.

The Rev. E. L. Walz was reelected registrar; and the Rev. O. L. Corbin was put on the home missionary committee.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Kenwood.—The foundations of a parsonage have been laid.

Los Angeles, East.—Nine persons were welcomed into fellowship at the recent communion service.

Los Angeles, Mayflower.—Three persons were received to membership at the last communion, one on confession.

Oakland, First.—Nineteen persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church at the last communion service, five on confession.

San Francisco, Park.—The resignation of the Rev. Frank W. Dean, the pastor, was presented last Sunday, greatly to the regret of the church. Mr. and Mrs. Dean are to take charge of the Crocker Old People's Home.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—A call has been extended to the Rev. W. E. Lawson of Mexico City, Mexico. Mr. Lawson is an Englishman. He has had a highly successful pastorate of several years in the City of Mexico.

San Diego.—Logan Heights, San Diego, received three on confession. Has just formed a Brotherhood with 21 members. Our Home Missionary collection was $72.65. The pastor and family were recently surprised with a Thanksgiving donation of good things. The Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor are on the up-ward-grade.

Riverside.—The pastor is delivering once a month on Wednesday evenings a popular lecture at which a voluntary offering is taken for the new church building fund. The lectures are under the auspices of the young peoples' society and the house is always filled. Last week the Rev. C. P. Dorland of Long Beach gave a very interesting unfolding of the Emmanuel Movement, the address being before the men's club.

Lodi.—The new church is completed, and the pews will be placed in order this week, so that we shall be able to hold services in the new large auditorium next Sabbath. We have set apart Sunday, Jan. 3, 1909, as the day of dedication, and Doctor J. K. McLean, President of Pacific Theolokical Seminary, will preach the dedicatory sermon and render such other help as the occasion requires. Pray for us, brethren, that the Lord may accept the building as a fitting sanctuary for the manifestation of His presence and power among the people.

Sonoma.—The completion of the new six-room parsonage has been of great joy to our people. The Directors, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Priscillas and the Jennie Wrens, all pulled together, special credit belonging to the Priscillas, an auxiliary to the Ladies' Aid, and composed of High School girls, whose work provided the complete furnishings of the commodious bath room. Through the efforts of the plumber, funds were collected and a good steel range placed in the kitchen. The church, in all its branches, is doing good service under the guidance of Dr. W. C. Day, who is assisted so ably by his devoted wife.

Tulare.—The annual meeting was held on the evening of December 9, the members seated at the banquet tables spread in the lecture room of the church. At the roll-call two-thirds of the entire membership responded when their names were called. The annual reports showed the church in much better financial condition than it has been for years, and growth was apaprent all along the line in all departments. The interest taken by the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society in the work of this society and in other church activities is very marked. The pastor, Rev. W. N. Burr, who has now been with this church one year, was called to the permanent pastorate, with an increased salary. The Ladies' Aid Society held their annual fair and bazaar on Friday and Saturday, December 11 and 12, from which they realized a handsome sum.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On November the 24th the Ashland Church, Rev. Edward F. Green, pastor, had a noteworthy occasion in having a meeting of its Men's Club, the first after organization. The president is Dr. Arthur L. Golder, who came to Oregon from Maine a few months ago. In addition to this Club being an important factor in the social life of this church, it will have a marked influence in the civic life of Ashland, on the side of temperance. For several years the conflict between the saloon element and those who oppose it has been sharp, with first one side and then the other in the ascendancy. Now, however, it seems as if the whiskey forces were so badly routed that it will be some time before the fight against temperance will be renewed. While this is a reason for encouragement, it will not do for temperance workers to imagine that the victory is wholly won—the need of organization and strenuous effort is as great as ever if the vantage ground now gained is maintained.

Sunday, November 29th, was Foreign Missionary Day, and Pastor Green preached a sermon on "Christ and the Law of Nations—International Law," and showed that Foreign Missions were doing more than all the battleships, armies, and all other agencies to life up the nations of the earth to the proper recognition of their duty to each other and to the Creator; helping them to recognize their mutual obligations, civilizing and Christianizing the heathen through three agencies—Industrial Missions, Medical Missions, and the Gospel of freedom from sin—the first, middle and all the time—or, in other words, Christ as the Carpenter, Christ, the Great Physician, and Christ, the Savior of all mankind. Six new members were received at that service.

The evening service was a stereopticon lecture on the "Revolution in Turkey," and showed how the work of the American Board for fifty years through orphanages, primary and secondary schools, seminaries and colleges, had prepared that nation to fall into line with the "Young Turk"

movement for a constitution, and for civil and religious liberty.

The Men's Club of the First Congregational Church of Portland held its first meeting for this season on Nov. 16th, and it was largely attended. The subject was the "Geology of Oregon," and it elicited a great deal of interest. The next meeting will be held on next Monday evening, Dec. 7th. The subject will be "What is Representative Government?" by Hon. M. C. George. As Judge George has given a great deal of study to this question, and having been a member of Congress for two terms, and been on the bench in this district for several terms, it may be inferred that his treatment of so important a question will be highly instructive. A clear understanding of this subject is very necessary in this State just now, in view of the experiences that the people are now undergoing in connection with the "Initiative and Referendum" laws which were adopted four years ago. While it is very desirable to crush political bossism in every form, and have absolutely clean and capable men in all official positions, the workings of the new method has not so far secured as favorable results as was hoped for, particularly in respect to the highest office in the State; viz., that of United States Senator. The first Senator so elected spent an enormous sum of money in securing his election, no one aside from himself knows exactly how much, but it is variously estimated at from $60,000 to $75,000, for the nomination, which the legislature ratified by election upon first ballot. The latter feature, of course, was very satisfactory, as it removed the "Senatorial Question" from discussion so that matters of legislation could be taken up at once without being colored by it. But the nomination was secured by the inordinate use of money. It probably cannot be said truthfully that it was corruptly used—that is to say, it was used in hiring paid workers in every precinct in the State, for weeks prior to the primary and nominating election, by hiring a large amount of advertising space in every newspaper in the State, and by the distribution, systematically, of a large amount of literature advocating the candidate's claims for election,—thus gaining the attention of every voter in a way that the other candidates—all of them much higher types of men than the winner—could not for want of funds. Thus it may be seen that the "new departure" in elections and law making in Oregon has not been satisfactory by a great deal, and radical changes may be looked for in the near future.

The corner stone of the Y. M. C. A. was laid Friday of last week, and the occasion was a notable one in the history of this city, not only in respect to the greatly enlarged possibilities the new building will provide for men to work in all lines of religious, educational and physical culture, but as a striking evidence of the belief on the part of members of all churches, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, as well as on the part of the generous persons who have never affiliated with any church, that such a work deserves hearty support, as from these various sources the funds were secured to erect the magnificent structure that is now being constructed in the most durable manner.

Mr. William Ladd, who has been president of the Association since 1894, presided. A large number of people were present, and the exercises were begun by singing "America," led by Mr. E. W. Peck, state secretary of the Minnesota Y. M. C. A.. The scripture reading was by Rev. Benjamin Young, D.D., of the Taylor St. Church, 1 Corinthians 3:9 to end of the chapter, followed by the anthem "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still." Then Mr. Edward Quackenbush, the first president of the Association, at the time of its organization in March, 1868, gave a brief historical sketch, showing that idea of organizaing this Association first originated in San Francisco, Mr. Quackenbush having been an associate member of that body as early as 1864. In this connection reference was made to a note from George H. Himes relating to a recent discovery he had made, viz.: that a Y. M. C. A. was organized in Portland on March 8, 1859, that William S. Ladd and H. W. Corbett were members of the board of directors, that a lecture course was arranged for, and that the first three lectures were delivered by Hon. George H. Williams (still living among us), Rt. Rev. Thomas Fielding Scott, D.D., missionary bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Oregon and Washington, and Hon.Amory Holbrook, an able and eloquent lawyer of Portland at that time. Then followed a brief address by Mr. William E. Sweet, president of the Denver, Colo., Y. M. C. A., on "What a Modern Association Building Means to the Life of a City." The list of articles deposited in the corner stone was read by Dr. S. A. Brown, then the corner stone was laid by President Ladd, and the ceremony was closed with the benediction by Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher.

Exscellent progress is being made in the erection of the manse for The Dalles church. The foundation is finished and the superstructure is under way. The site is in the same block with the church.

The Congregational Church of Oregon City organized a Brotherhood chapter—the first among Congregational churches in Oregon—on December 4th, with forty members. A number of other churches are contemplating organizing chapters. Rev. Luther R. Dyott, and others from Portland, were present, and gave brief and inspiring addresses of congratulation.

The Parkplace Congregational Church was finished last week and was dedicated today, the pastor, Rev. G. W. Riggs, being assisted in the services by Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, superintendent C. H. M. S., and Rev. C. E. Oakley of the Oregon City church. The main room will seat 150 and the class rooms 100, but as these rooms can be thrown together easily, an audience of 250 can be comfortably accommodated. The Ladies' Aid Society has secured a new carpet for the rostrum, which has been enlarged in order to give more room for the choir. A new bell has been secured, weighing six hundred pounds, and it is now in position. The expense of the improvements amounts to about $1,200, and the pastor and people feel greatly encouraged over the bright outlook of this church as it faces the future.

The ninth annual Y. M. C. A. convention of Oregon and Idaho convened at McMinnville Dec. 4th and continued until Sunday evening followig. Over two hundred delegates and friends were present. Speakers were present from Washington, Nw York, Minneapolis, Denver, aside from the local Associations. The matter of state work was a vital one, and over $1,600 was pledged by the Associations represented for that purpose. This will secure a paid field worker and result in the organization of Associations in a number of needed places. The next meeting of the convention will be at Corvallis, the seat of the Oregon Agricultural College.

On September 26, 1908, the ladies of the Fort Dalles Historical Society, at The Dalles, Oregon, an auxiliary of the Oregon Historical Society, a number of them Congregationalists, went to the grave of Rev. Frederick Homer Balch, at the mouth of the Klickitat river, which enters the north side of the Columbia river near the town of Lyle, and dedicated a monument to his memory. Brief addresses were made by Revs. William C. Gilmore and J. L. Hershner of the Riverside Congregational Church, Hood River. Mr. Balch was born in Oregon Dec. 14, 1861, descending from a line of ancestors conspicuous for their fidelity to Christian principles, and pioneers in "The Ohio," as the "Western Reserve" was first called. He was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1885 and beagn home missionary work at Hood River. He also served the churches at White Salmon and Lyle for short periods. He entered Pacific Theological Seminary in 1889, but his health was broken so that he never finished his course. He died in a Portland hospital on June 3, 1891, lacking a few months of being thirty years old. The writer knew Mr. Balch well, and aside from his mother, was the last person at his bedside before his death. His memory will long be perpetuated through the book entitled "The Bridge of the Gods," the manuscript of which he finished a few months before his death. Since then several editions of the work have been issued, but the author never saw a copy. It is a legendary story which he gathered from the Indians with whom he came in contact. He had the happy faculty of gaining the confidence of the Indians of the Klickitat and other tribes bordering on both sides of the Columbia river—never making light of their legends and folklore—and for that reason they freely communicated with him. He left a second work of a legendary character, which is said by those who have seen it to be superior to the "Bridge of the Gods."

Rev. Charles McDermoth, one of the best known Congregational ministers of Western Washington, and pastor of the church at Aberdeen, came near losing his life a short time ago. Going into the furnace room of the basement

of the church, he saw the light had been left burning and undertook to turn it off. In order to reach it he stood upon a stove, and finding that he was still too low he reached up to an apparently loose wire which was hanging down from the ceiling. This act completed a circuit and gave him a severe shock, and he could not let go; but retaining presence of mind enough to realize his danger, he threw himself to the floor. This pulled the wire out and broke the current. His hands were badly burned, however.

On last Friday evening occurred the formal opening of the new building of the Young Woman's Christian Association. The occasion was amost enjoyable one and was largely attended. At the same time a spirit of sadness permeated the large gathering, as it was realized that it, in a sense, was a farewell reception to Miss Constance McCorkle, who came from Richmond, Va., three years ago to serve as general secretary, and who has now resigned and will soon return to her Virginia home. In her retiring address she spoke of "The Building, an Expression and a Prophecy," and in closing, introduced her successor, Miss Mary B. Day, who is well known in Association circles here, although she has been absent a year as general secretary of the Association at Bellingham, Wash. An appreciative tribute to Miss McCorkle's effective work was shown by the presentation to her by members of the Association of a handsome gold watch.

Portland, December 13, 1908.

MY BETHLEHEM.

By Dr. James McLaren.

Shepherds humble, meek and lowly,
Was it thine to hear and see,
Heaven's chorus bright and holy?
Would that I had been with thee.

O that I had been a shepherd
On those lonely plains that night;
To have heard the angel chorus,
And beheld that wondrous sight.

To have heard the blessed tidings
As o'er hills and plains they rang,
Peace on earth, good will to mortals,
Which the holy angels sang.

And have journeyed with the wise men
To manger from afar,
Where the infant Christ was cradled,
Let by Bethlehem's sweet star.

To have brought my gold and treasure
Frankincense and myrrh, like they,
There with love in boundless measure,
At his infant feet to lay.

Would O holy virgin mother!
I had been the favored one
To have given thee other shelter,
Than a gloomy roofless kahn.

Then thy place of holy travail
Had not been a cattle shed,
Nor a manger crude and lowly
Been thy blessed infant's bed.

Yet, I in illumined vision
Do those shining hosts behold,
And I hear, in holier accents
Now, that story sweet of old.

And a star that's brighter, stranger,
Guides me yet with wisest men
To the spirit's inner manger,
Where the Christ is born again.

Riverside, California.

W. B. M. P.

The Prayer Calendars for 1909 are in charge of Miss Sadie Gilmore, 1167 Castro St., Oakland. They are thirty cents if mailed. They are now on hand and ready for distribution. Please order at once.

What is right living? Just to do your best
When worst seems easier. To bear the ills
Of daily life with patient cheerfulness,
Nor waste dear time recounting them.

To talk
Of hopeful things, when doubt is in the air.
To count your blessings often, giving thanks,
And to accept your sorrows silently,
Nor question **why** you suffer.

To accept
The whole life as one perfected plan,
And welcome each event as part of it.
To work, and **love** your work, to trust, to pray
For larger usefulness and clearer sight.
This is right living, pleasing in God's eyes;
Though you be heathen, heretic, or Jew.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

By David Lyall.

Elspeth Tennant got out of a train at Broad-street Station about three o'clock on a November afternoon and made her way down the stairs to the throng of the streets. She paused before committing herself finally to what seemed an inextricable confusion of vehicles and human beings, and casually wondered how any of the latter ever came out of it alive. Her destination was Cannon-street, and with the slow care of a home-keeping person, unaccustomed to the traffic, she made her way there in due course. She was an insignificant figure, shabbily dressed, but her worn face had great sweetness, her once fine eyes a pathetic note of appeal. She did not need to ask direction, as she had frequently passed the large block of warehouses near the great Cannon-street Hotel, and knew the doorway even before the large brass plate with the names, Metcalf, Dimsdale, Lovitt & Co., arrested her attention. She entered the door, and, following the direction of a pointing finger, ascended to the first floor, wher she was confronted with a closed door bearing the usual legend **Office.** Pushing that open, she found herself in a small, narrow space, with a counter barring the way, the rest of the place shut off by screens of obscured glass. A youth with a pen behind his ear appeared, and inquired her business and her name.

"I want to see Mr. Metcalf, if you please."

"He ain't here, ma'am."

"When will he be here, tomorrow?"

"No, he's gone to Guildford till Monday."

"Can I see Mr. Dimsdale or Mr. Lovitt, then?"

"Mr. Lovitt's in, but he's engaged."

"Can I wait until he is disengaged?"

The youth looked doubtful.

"He don't often see ladies; in fact, they don't come, unless insurance ladies, and we knows them."

"I'll wait a few moments, if you please, until the gentleman goes, then you can take my name," said Elspeth, and sank on the hard form against the wall, prepared for a dreary half-hour, perhaps, with a possible disappointment

at the end of it. But she was agreeably disappointed. Presently the youth looked over the counter at her again.

"He's gone, ma'am, out by the other door. I can take your name, if you like, to Mr. Lovitt. There's nobody with him now."

Elspeth opened her small green bag and took out a square card with her name lithographed on it in small, neat type. She had bought them at the beginning of her married life for the purpose of paying calls with, but neighbors at Forest Gate had not been very friendly, and she had only used a very few. She had hunted them out of a seldom-opened drawer for use that day. She waited with a curious sickness of heart, and even when the lad returned, in a moment or so, and said Mr. Lovitt would see her, she was scarcely cheered. She had never seen Mr. Lovitt, who was the youngest partner in the firm from which her husband had just been discharged, but she had heard him spoken of as a hard man, whom it was impossible to get the better of. It was from his hands Tennant had recived his dismissal three days before. She stepped in front of the youth through the open door, and the warm air enveloped her kindly; but the room seemed to swim before her eyes, and it was a full moment before her vision cleared and she could command her voice. Then she was aware of an alert figure standing before the fireplace, of a keen, clean-shaven face, and a pair of remarkably piercing eyes.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tennant; take a chair."

"Thank you; it is very good of you to see me. It was Mr. Metcalf I asked for."

"So I heard. Well, I suppose you have come about Tennant's dismissal. I need hardly remind you how long we have borne with him."

"I know that," she answered dully. "It has been hanging over us for years."

"So long as that! How long is it since you knew him to be unsteady, since he began to take drink?"

"He has always taken it, sir. I knew it when we married. He signed the pledge then, and he kept it for a good many years, in fact, until he came here. Then there was a man who got a great influence over him."

"You are talking of Duncombe, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"I don't know much, if anything, of the private affairs of the staff," said Lovitt. "You asked to see Mr. Metcalf today, but it was really I who dismissed your husband."

"Yes, sir, I understand that. I asked for Mr. Metcalf, thinking that, perhaps, as he is a Scotchman, he might take a little more interst in us. You have no other fault to find with my husband, I suppose?"

"Only the slackness which is inevitable in an unsteady man. He had many warnings, and knew quite well that this would come."

"The outlook is very black for us, Mr. Lovitt. A man discharged without a character at forty-six has not much chance."

"I should say myself that he had none," replied Lovitt, without hesitation. "May I ask what family you have?"

"We have had eight and six are alive."

"Eight, and you are a young woman, yet!"

"Not very young; I was forty-two last week. We have had a good deal of trouble with our family; we have two invalids."

"Two! that is a great misfortune. What is the matter?"

"The eldest son has spine complaint; he has not been off a sofa for seven years. He writes a little and sometimes makes a pound or two."

"That is a very heavy burden, Mrs. Tennant."

"In one way, yes, but we should not be able to live without Arthur; he is the very center of our home life. Everyone loves him."

"He is very upset about this, then?"

"I have not told him, and my husband has not been home since he came to tell me on Tuesday night that he had got his discharge. He went down to his sister at Rye Park for a day or two."

"You have not saved anything, I suppose?"

"Nothing whatever; all the surplus has gone in doctors' bills; we have had a great many of these to pay. I did not come here to whine, sir, but to ask something from Mr. Metcalf."

"What was that?"

"If he would help me to start a little business. I used to be a very clever dressmaker, and my delicate daughter would help me. In course of time we might be able to do well, if the rent were guaranteed."

"But that would not help Tennant."

"No, sir, but he will try, of course, to get something else to do."

"You don't blame him very much, I notice. I suppose that otherwise he has been a very good husband to you?"

"The very best, and the children adore him," said Elspeth Tennant as she rose to her feet. Her eyes were welling, and it was her nature to hide her care. No one, least of all the man speaking to her now, would ever know what it had cost her to come to the city that day.

"I am very glad I have seen you, Mrs. Tennant, and I will mention the matter to Mr. Metcalf when he returns to business on Monday. Meanwhile, would you have any objection if I came to pay a call at your house on Sunday afternoon?"

"We should be very pleased to se you, sir," she replied, quite sincerely.

Lovitt bade her good afternoon, and after she was gone pondered on the story he had heard. Eight children and Tennant had never had more than two hundred a year! He was an only son himself, and the heir to three separate fortunes, besides being a sharer in one of the most lucrative businesses in the city. Things were unequally divided. He had been very severe on Tennant, determined to keep up a high standard of conduct in Cannon-street, but he had not considered all the circumstances. Poor beggar! I don't blame him if he sought oblivion now and again from the cares of the family. Eight, by Jove, and two invalids! I like that woman, she's got grit!"

On Sunday morning Elspeth Tennant went to church, and the preacher, a man from the North, chose as his text the words, "I call to remembrance my song in the night."

She returned home comforted, and at the mid-day meal the children wondered at her sunshiny face. About three o'clock Lovitt came quietly up the narrow path of the trim little garden and knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Janet, the third child, a sweet-faced girl about sixteen, with large, serious eyes, and fair hair hanging down her back.

"Mr. Lovitt?" she said, smiling a little, and immediately showed him into the family sitting-room, where mother sat, with Arthur, the rest of the children having gone out for a walk.

Mrs. Tennant welcomed him kindly, and even with a sort of quiet dignity. He was struck by the fact that in her own house she was a pretty woman, though her face was

faded and careworn. The boy Arthur received him joyfully, and the two were soon talking as if they had been acquainted for years. Lovitt had charming manners, and something in the little household appealed to him, and interested the softer side which is hidden even in the hard man's heart. Mrs. Tennant asked whether he would take a cup of tea; he accepted, and they had a very friendly meal together. Then he said, suddenly, he must go, as he had an engagement in the West End at six o'clock.

As he turned away from the gate, down the street, where the lamps had been lighted, he saw a figure coming up which he had no difficulty in recognizing as Tennant. He strode on to meet him, and waited under one of the gas-lamps till he came up. He saw that he was perfectly sober.

"Good evening, Tennant."

"Good evening, sir. I didn't expect to meet you here."

"Nor I you, Tennant. Walk a little way with me towards the station, will you? I have been at your house."

"You have—but how, and why?"

"Don't enquire too closely. Suffice to say I've been there. I've had a delightful hour among them. Tennant, you are a worse fool even than I took you for."

"Yes, sir."

"I can't understand how you dared, with a wife and a home like that, to play fast and loose with your slender chances. That boy of yours! How haven't you been able to keep straight, for him, if for no thing else? He has a face like an angel."

"Have they told him—you didn't, sir? We planned, Elspeth and me, to keep it from him as long as we could," cried Tennant, and drew his hand across his brow, while his voice vibrated with real anguish. Lovitt's heart smote him. What had he done to help or encourage this weaker brother? He had simply taken his pound of flesh, and when the weight was short, fired him out.

"He doesn't know, and if you like, Tennant, he need never know. You can come back tomorrow."

"Come back, sir! Oh, you can't mean it!"

"I do, and we'll fight this thing together, you and I, for the lad's sake. I'll help you, if you like."

Tennant could not speak. He wondered, indeed, whether his imagination were not playing him some trick

"There's my hand on it. We'll talk further tomorrow. You're not in a fit state to discuss it now. Go home to that brave, fine wife of yours, and those bonnie bairns, and buck up, won't you?"

Lovitt strode on, and after a moment's dazed reflection Tennant turned back towards his home. Elspeth heard his key in the lock, and was at the door to welcome him, no reproach on her face.

"Did you meet anybody?"

"Yes—Lovitt. I'm to go back tomorrow. It's to you I owe this, Elspeth, with all the rest."

She did not say anything, but her eyes shone..

"You'll—you'll justify his goodness, Bob?"

"And yours," said Tennant under his breath. "So help me, God."—British Weekly.

ANNUAL MEETING NOTICE.

The California Oriental Mission, a corporation, will hold its annual meeting in the lecture room of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Monday, December 21st, 1908, at 2:30 p. m. By order of the directors.

W. C. Pond, Secretary.

Young People

IF I WERE YOU.

If I little girl could be,
  Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
  What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
  You soon would see,
That every one would turn to say,
" 'Tis good to meet that child today."
  Yes, yes, my bird; that's what I'd do
  If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
  Like some I know,
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
  Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero, as in days of old.
  'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy, I know
  It would be so. —Independent.

POOR LITTLE DAISY.

"How many days are there before Christmas, Mamie?" asked Mrs. Warren.

Her sister counted on her fingers and replied: "Eight."

"Only eight!" cried Mrs. Warren. "Dear, dear. And besides getting presents ready we must make that shopping trip to Philadelphia, and buy things for the new house. How inconvenient to move at this time of the year! But, as we are obliged to do so, there is no use to make a fuss about it."

Little Marguerite, usually called "Daisy," looked up from her play. She was a pretty child with large brown eyes, and although she almost never cried or whined, still she managed to have her own way in most things. Young as she was, she had found out that by an appealing look of those beautiful eyes she could get her mother and aunt to let her do whatever she wanted, even when they knew it was not always best to do so.

"Oh, are we going to Philadelphia?" she cried. "Goody! What shall I wear?" for hearing people speak of her pretty face had made her vain, and she thought much of her clothes.

"Why, you're not going," said her mother.

Daisy got up and went to her mother's side. "Not going?" she asked. "You told me I should go the very next time you and Aunt Mamie went."

"But, my dear, it is winter, and too cold for little girls."

"I can wear my furs."

"Aunt Mamie and I have so many errands to do you would get tired of waiting for us," continued mamma.

"I can rest on those nice little stools that turn round,

while you look at things in the stores," persisted the child.

"I don't think it will be best for you to go, darling," said mama, trying to be very firm.

"But you told me, mamma," insisted Daisy; "didn't she, Aunt Mamie?"

Under the gaze of those appealing brown eyes Aunt Mamie, who was also intending to be firm, wavered.

"Yes, sister, you certainly did tell her so," she said.

The imploring gaze was turned to her mother. "There, mamma and I do so want to see my grandmother. Poor litle Daisy!"

This last phrase was one which the child used as a last resort whenever she wanted to work on people's feelings During an attack of measles she grew so accustomed to being spoken of and to as "poor little Daisy," that when she was well she began to call herself so.

At first, when she was so small, it sounded very cunning, and every one laughed at her, but now she was getting to be six years old—old enough to use it to get her own way.

Her mother could not often resist it, and this time, when she heard it spoken in such a soft, entreating tone, she said, notwithstanding her determination to be firm, "Well, you may go, but we shall have to start very early, and you must not make a fuss about getting up."

Thus it was settled, although papa said, when he was told, that they were very foolish to take the child, the weather was so cold and she was sure to get tired.

"The poor darling wants to go so much," said mamma

"Of course she does," returned papa, "and you and Aunt Mamie let her do just what she wants to do. What do you think she will be when she gets to be ten years old? She will be a perfect little tyrant, I can tell you that. Yes, I know she's a pretty child, and has a sweet, loving nature, but I'm thinking of the time when she gets to be a woman, and has to mingle with other people. She can't always have her own way then, and things will be pretty disagreeable for her if you don't teach her to give up a little while she is young."

"I know that all you say is true," agreed mamma, "and next time I will be very firm."

The weather was bitter cold the morning of the trip, but Daisy made no fuss when she was awakened so early that the gas had to be lighted to see to dress.

She helped all she could in putting on her clothes, and after breakfast had been hastily eaten got her coat from the closet.

"Here's my coat, Aunt Mamie," she said; "will you please hold it for me?"

Aunt Mamie looked at the beautiful white garment in surprise.

"You're surely not going to wear your best coat?" she said.

"Of course I am," said Daisy.

"Oh, no," said her mother, turning from the glass where she was putting on her hat. "You must wear your red one."

"That's so old," objected Daisy.

"It is warmer than the white one," said mamma; "besides, it is more suitable to wear in the cars."

"But, mamma," returned the child, "the white one is so much prettier, and I should think you would want me to look nice when I go to see my grandmother."

By this time she had gotten herself into the white coat, put on a close fitting white hood trimmed with lace and fur, and with her white tippet and muff made such a pretty picture that her mother could not resist longer, and said, as Daisy knew she would: "Well, now that you have it on I suppose you'll have to wear it."

It was very early when they reached Philadelphia, and very cold. They went first to a decorator's to choose some wall paper, and Daisy found waiting very tiresome. The only amusement she could find was at a table in one corner of the store where a young lady was making Christmas articles out of crepe paper. Among them was a fanciful white fan which the child at once determined to have for her own.

She held it up to attract her mother's attention, and asked: "Won't you buy this fan for me, mamma?"

Her mother turned from the strips of wall paper which the clerk was displaying before her.

"A fan," she said, what do you want with a fan this weather?"

"I want it. It's pretty."

"I don't think you had better have it. Don't tease. I'm busy."

"But, mamma, you promised you would buy me something for my very own, and poor little Daisy does so want this."

After a little more begging the child got the fan, as she knew she would, and, refusing to have it wrapped, walked triumphantly out of the store and along Chestnut street, waving it to and fro as if oppressed by heat.

Many turned to look at her, not only because they were astonished to see a fan used on such a cold day, but also for the reason that she made such a pretty picture, with her white clothes, dark eyes and soft curls peeping from under her hood.

After going into many stores Daisy found shopping very tiresome work, most of the revolving stools upon which she expected to rest being occupied by ladies, and soon she began to ask:

"Aren't you almost through, mamma? When are we going to grandmother's? I'm hungry." Her fan had ceased to please her, and would have been left behind several times if her aunt had not reminded her to take it.

At last, to her great relief and also that of her mother and aunt, who many times regretted that they had taken her, the last article on the long list had been bought, and they turned their weary steps toward grandmother's.

How glad they were to reach the shelter of the dear old lady's home! How loving was her welcome, how warm the good fire after having been out so long in the cold! How she kissed her "dear little Daisy," took off the child's overshoes and coat with tender hands, and placed her near the heater in a little chair that had been papa's in his boyhood.

After they had eaten a nice lunch and got thoroughly warm, the two ladies opened their bundles to show their purchases to grandmother.

"All the large parcels have been sent home on the cars," said mamma, "but these little ones we will take ourselves. How do you like these handkershiefs? They are the best; here are collars and stockings and napkins; here's a counterpiece; isn't it pretty? And here are two towels I bought for you. I hope you will like them."

Daisy had been eagerly watching the opening of the bundles, and when grandmother had expressed her thanks for the towels, asked:

"Is that all, mamma?"

"Yes; I think so, dear."

The child put on her most appealing look and said in an injured tone:

"All those things for you and Aunt Mamie and grandma, and nothing for poor little Daisy."

"Why, I bought you all sorts of things and sent them home," said her mother. "A new dress, raincoat, umbrella—don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, those. But I haven't any little thing to take home with me."

"Where is your pretty white fan?" asked Aunt Mamie.

"A fan! This cold day!" cried Daisy, scornfully, forgetting how she had teased for the toy, which now, all crumpled and soiled, was thrown aside. "I want something I can carry home."

"Well, well dear, it is too bad. We must try to start early and buy something on the way to the station," said mamma.

Now grandmother was a wise old woman, who had brought up a large family of children, ad knew all about the ways of little folks. She was not pleased to see how Daisy was allowed to have her own way in all things, fearing it would make her unhappy and disagreeable to others—in after years. So, not liking to find fault with the child's mother, she made a little plan of her own.

"Are you going to have a tree at Christmas, Daisy?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandmother," answered the child. "Am I, mamma?"

"No, dear, I do not believe I can arrange one," said mamma with regret. "I shall be so very busy with other things this year."

"But I want one," began Daisy.

Mamma must have been very tired with shopping for she spoke very decidedly: "I can not let you have one, I have said once. And don't say 'poor little Daisy' to me; you have said it often enough today. You must break yourself of the habit."

"But mamma——"

"How would you like to have a tree here?" asked grandma, interrupting before Daisy could say any more.

"We could not spare her from home," said mamma.

"I do not mean to have you spare her," said grandmother. "How will it do for you all to come over here that day, bring your presents and have a tree. In the evening you and John and Mamie can go home and leave Daisy to make me a visit while you are moving into the new house."

"Oh, mamma, do say yes!" begged Daisy. "I should so love to stay with my grandmother and have a tree."

So it was decided, but "poor little Daisy" did not know that grandmother had made up her mind that during the visit she would try by patient firmness to teach her dearly loved grandchild that she could not always have her own way.

Let us hope that she succeeded, for we all know how disagreeable such a child is to live with, even though she may be pretty to look upon and affectionate in disposition. —Lulu C. Tulloch, in The Christian-Evangelist.

AMBITION.

Jeanette Blackwood.

Aspire if thou wilt, fix thine eye on the hills,
But take heed lest thou miss on thy way
The sweet modest flowers that grow at thy feet,
Fair blossoms that brighten each wearisome day.
The mountains allure thy young tireless feet,
But their summits are cheerless and grey,
If thou carry not with thee to lighten the gloom
The beautiful flowers that grow by the way.
Thy life is a mountain-path rugged and steep,
And the duties that fall to thy share,
The cup of cold water, the words low and sweet
That fall from thy lips on a heart bowed with care,
Are the sweet wayside flowers, of odor divine,
That grow by thy pathway, oft gathered in tears,
To be bound in a chaplet thy brow to entwine,
For the summit of honored and beautiful years.

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THE SILENT SKIES.

The silent skies are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear,
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of Faith, and Love, and Fear.

But once the sky the silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took,
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which He came;
And forests wild and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill
Are vocal with His name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring,
To the great song which greets the King,
Who comes when Christ is born?
—Phillips Brooks.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF CHINA.

The San Francisco Chronicle, commenting on the new agreement with Japan, says: "The United States will not go to war to prevent even the dismemberment of the Chinese empire." On this queer proposition the theory of the Chronicle is according to early tradition. This country, all countries, should hesitate a long time before going to war. The United States, however, has for three-quarters of a century, defended the Monroe doctrine. The Chronicle knows that the United States has been ready all these years to go to war with any country in Europe which dared to exploit the republics(?) in South America. China is nearer and far more vitally connected with the United States than any one or than all the states of South America. We are not an enthusiast on the Monroe doctrine. It is a fine piece of negative legislation and has served a good purpose in its way. The dismemberment of China, the exploitation by European powers of China would be the greatest political crime in the history of the world. The Chronicle must also be reminded that Spain was called to account by the United States for putting her heel upon the neck of Cuba. We would not like to be put in the attitude of approving war at any time, but we can think of no greater cause for war than a proposition looking to the dismemberment of China. What has Belgium done in Africa? We might extend the question and include Germany, France and other European powers. We do not need to go to Africa. What about the German possessions in China? What of the condition of the French provinces in China? We want no wars of any kind, but the dismemberment of China would be the overwhelming of civilization. If that should come to pass the United States would be with all the rest of the world involved in a war for a hundred years. The agreement of the United States with Japan is simply a bond of friendship. It will hold just as well as a hard and fast treaty. There is no need for the press on this coast to minimize the weight nor the strength of this new agreement.

The position of the Chronicle on the Japanese problems has been peculiar. It would like to be friendly to the Japanese on condition that they will not assume too much importance. It contends that although the "Understanding reached by our own and the Japanese governments has been reduced to a precise form, as demanded by diplomatic usage, it is not in the nature of a treaty, has no legal force and is merely an expression of opinion of the present governments of the two countries." The large and luminous fact is that the miserable and groveling agitation on this coast has made it necessary for these governments to define their friendship in terms that could not be misunderstood. The San Francisco Chronicle led in a bitter and unreasonable fight against the Japanese on this coast. Under all the circumstances we are not surprised that the Chronicle finds itself facing one way and actually going another. While telling us that this Japanese treaty "has no legal force and is merely an expression of opinion," it goes on to say that while "the agreement that in case the integrity of China should be threatened by a third power the two governments 'would consult' as to the course useful to be taken, is a diplomatic formula which is universally understood as looking to joint physical action in case the suggested contingency should arise;" and after winding around in a diplomatic maze, it concludes that "Great nations do not, after such formal notice, 'consult' together for determining the policy most useful to be pursued without the expectation that such policy, when determined, shall be effectively entered upon—whatever it may be." On the whole the agreement has "no legal force." The United States is apparently smoking a pipe with Japan, but right well does the Chronicle know that in effect the United States and Japan have united their strength to preserve the integrity of China, a thing of the highest importance to the peace of the world.—California Christian Advocate.

UNDER THE STARS.

Under the stars, one holy night,
A little babe was born;
Over his head a star shone bright,
And listened till the morn.
The wise men came from far away,
And shepherds ran to where he lay
Upon his lowly bed of hay,
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, one blessed night,
The Christ-child came on earth,
And through the darkness broke the light
Of morning at his birth;
And sweet hosannas filled the air,
And guardian angels watched him where
The virgin mother dwelt in prayer,
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars this happy night
We wait for Him once more,
And seem to see the wondrous sight
The shepherds saw of yore.
O, Baby born in Bethlehem,
Come to us as you came to them,
And crown us with love's diadem.
—Anna S. Driscol.

STRIKING AT THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

The National Liquor League recently met in Washington, D. C. They would have had a good time, but for that "thorn in their side" known as the Anti-Saloon League. The Liquor League got pretty well excited and hurled the following catapultic resolutions at the Anti Saloon League: "Resolved, That the industry has been **over-legislated,** over abused and over taxed in the furtherance of a creed or cult that is basically un-American and at absolute variance with every principle of liberty, civic righteousness, economics, common sense and common justice."

It was also resolved that "The Anti-Saloon League is a menace to good government, the quietude of communities and vested property rights, and exists for no other purpose than to provide occupation and revenue for the members of a close corporation by the processes of perpetual agitation; and that local option is but another name for prohibition and is equally confiscatory in its assaults upon property rights." These resolutions show pretty clearly that the Anti-Saloon League is a full match for the Liquor League. "Agitation is precisely what the liquor men do not like, do not want. They would like to be let alone, no doubt. They will not be let alone in this world. We cannot speak positively for the next. The saloons must be driven out of the country.

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the dawn of the holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshiping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
Dear little heads in the pew.

Face earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
Eager to praise the Lord.
And to me the rising anthem
Has a meaning deep and true—
The thought and the music blended,
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my shepherd,"
Or. "Suffer the babes to come."
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home,
A place of their own with his people.
He cares for me and for you;
But close in his arms he gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly,
On the Sabbath morn, to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipipng there with me;
For I know that the gracious Savior,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.
—Margaret Sangster.

Friendship is to be valued for what is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it. When two people appreciate each other because each has found the other convenient to have around, they are not friends, they are simply acquaintances with a business understanding. To seek friendship for its utility is as futile as to seek the end of a rainbow for its bag of gold. A true friend is always useful in the highest sense; but we should beware of thinking of our friends as brother-members of a mutual benefit association, with its periodical demands and threats of suspension for non-payment of dues.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

Would Washington have been acknowledged "first in the hearts of his countrymen" if he had been uniformly disagreeable and discourteous? Would Franklin have been chosen as ambassador to the court of France had he imitated the bears and savages of his native land? Would Abraham Lincoln have risen to the height he occupied, and won such a hold on the hearts of the American people, had he been less tender-hearted and kind, less careful and considerate of the feelings of others? What oil is to machinery, politeness is to every-day life.— J. P. in Christian Conservator.

GRANDPA'S BIBLE.

Little Mary wanted to learn her Sunday lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her elder sister took a Bible from the bureau and said: "Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play.'

Mary came to her sister's side ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began: "Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible.'

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is so much more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more."

There are a good many young persons who would do well to get a look at grandpa's Bible. Possibly if they would look at it carefully, they would find something in it they have never found in their own; and if they would pray as the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law," they would find a blessing in the Word of God such as careless readers never discover.—iLttle Christian.

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